

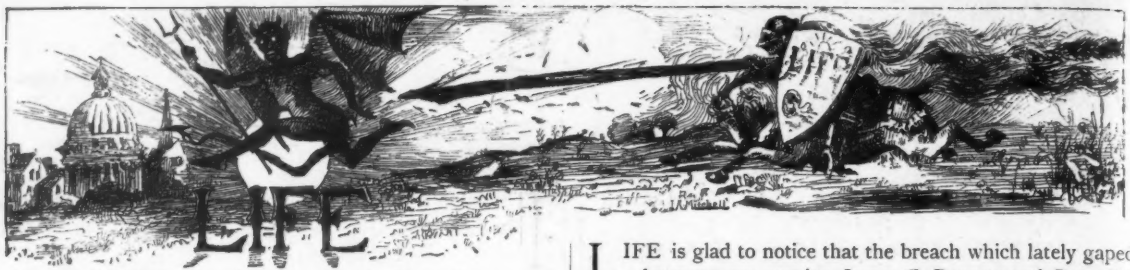
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IN-CHOIR-Y.

Organist (doubtful about the effect of combining stops): WHAT WOULD YOU PUT WITH THE BOURBON, MR. BLINKIE?

Blinkie (who was up late last night): AH—EH—WELL, APOLLINARIS WOULD BE VERY GOOD.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

OUR old friend, General di Cesnola, is opposed to opening the Metropolitan Museum on Sunday. That ought to be a powerful argument with the trustees in favor of throwing it open. It is fair to assume from the general's expressed sentiments, that his objections to the Sunday opening are of the same character as the Puritans' objections to bear-baiting. He is reported to have said:

"I would not heat the building and let the public go there and freeze. When they had become stiff I would set them up among the other groups of statuary."

If the worthy man carried out his threat, at least one benefit would result. The Museum of Art would have some statuary which was not composed of unrelated parts put together for business purposes. But that would subject some of the general's antiquities to invidious comparisons, and would probably make him regret his boldness.

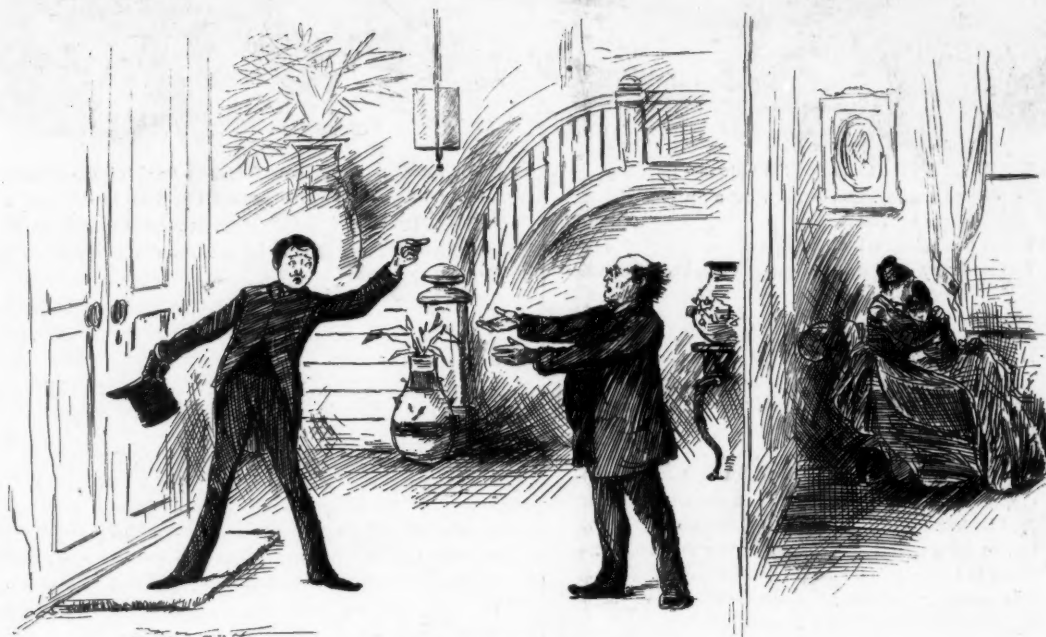
THE trustees of the museum are gentlemen whose opinions are entitled to a respectful hearing. Some of them have objections to a Sunday opening; others favor it, and among the latter is Mayor Hewitt, whose experience in the management of public institutions for the public benefit, have been as extensive and notable as anyone's. We trust that his views, and those of the gentlemen who agree with him, will prevail. The museum ought to be open every day in the week. The arguments in favor of that course are too self-evident to require setting forth.

OPINION is divided as to whether Professor Emmons or his wife ought to be shut up. The professor thinks the lady is unfit to be at large, and the lady certainly differs with him, even if she does not reciprocate his feeling. Certainly, she is a person of very eccentric behavior, and LIFE is disposed to convey to her husband the expression of its condign sympathy. Let her slide, Professor; she seems able to take care of herself, and you will only get yourself disliked by trying to shut her up. Very few of us, you know, are thoroughly sane, but we know we have got to take care of ourselves, and we do, and the sense of responsibility is good for us.

LIFE is glad to notice that the breach which lately gaped between our cousins, James G. Bennett and Cyrus W. Field, has been filled in. On the 13th of December, Mr. Field's newspaper, the excellent *Mail and Express*, called Mr. Bennett a vagabond. Now, if Mr. Bennett is not a vagabond it is hard to say who is. LIFE believes him to be one of the utmost vagabonds extant, and is at a loss to match him unless by the Wandering Jew. The *Mail*, though having called him a name which fitted him, and was not especially opprobrious, felt that it could afford to take it back, since it did Mr. Bennett no harm either way. So it retracted "vagabond," and extended the assurance of its sincere regret instead. Then Mr. Bennett's paper said it had never intended to hurt Mr. Field's feelings by anything it printed about him, and assured him that when its London correspondent called him a horse-thief it was without intention of disparaging his honesty, but solely with the determination to print all the news. So now Cyrus and James are reconciled once more, and we heartily wish some other New York editors—notably Messrs. Jones and Dana—might be led by the sweet influences of the new year to follow their example.

THE *Sun* had an eloquent editorial the other day, in which it cracked up canvasback ducks as being a delicacy only beaten by one American product. Numbers of its parishioners want to know what that commodity of unique superiority is. The oyster and the terrapin have been named, but the *Sun* says it is neither of them, and lies Stockton-like, declining to say whether it is lady or cat. This is no way for a great journal to treat its constituents, and the *Sun* ought to know better. We call upon Colonel Dana, of the National Guard, whose gifted pen has made his patronymic ambiguous, to let light in upon this mystery. If America produces anything better to eat than canvasback duck, we want to know it, both that we may have some ourselves, and that we may give the lie to the rumor that the *Sun* is biased by a morbid gustatory passion that makes every delicacy seem second to — as Stockton would say.

THE President is not yet free from twinges in his joints, but rheumatism is slow and rarely makes flying visits. The New Year's reception at the White House showed how far Mr. Cleveland was on the way to entire recovery, and how unfounded have been the reports which sought to magnify his illness. The New Year's reception also brought out new statements about the President's wife, who grows more and more like the estimable lady of whom the poet said, "None named her but to praise."



A TERRIBLE THREAT.

FAREWELL, FATHER, I CAN STAND YOUR REPROACHES NO LONGER. I WILL SEEK SOME FOREIGN CLIME—ENGLAND MOST LIKELY, AND ONCE THERE I SHALL SEARCH FOR A WIFE AMONGST THE NOBILITY, AND THEN—

OH, MY DEAR SON, ANYTHING BUT THAT! HAVE SOME CONSIDERATION FOR YOUR POOR MOTHER AND SISTER, IF YOU HAVE NONE FOR ME. I FORGIVE YOU. COME, COME TO MY ARMS!

(An affecting tableau occurs.)

APROPOS OF THE SEASON.

WHY doth ye ancient citizen
Thus wildly clutch the air?
Why squirmeth he so horribly,
So picturesquely swear?

Because ye little sphere of slush
Hath smote his neck kerwhack,
And now in icy rivulets
Doth trickle down his back!

Whim Miller.

REPLENISHING HIS WARDROBE.

YOUNG GENT (*in furnishing store*): I want to get a box of paper collars, fifteen an' a half inch, an' a satin neck-tie.

DEALER (*affably*): Yes, sir; all right, sir; and how is everything over in Boston?

UNDER the heading, "Men and Things," the Boston *Herald* has something to say about Mrs. James Brown Potter and English society girls.

WHEN trying to catch the ear of a St. Louis girl, you should use both hands.



C. D. Gibson

THE NEWEST THING IN CARRYING CANES.

THE STYLE WITHOUT THE FATIGUE.



AN OPEN LETTER.

WRITES the Sultan of the Ottoman :

"Dear Mr. Cox—Oh, what a man
You are!

You're the jolliest critter I ever did see,
You made my existence one gladsome te-hee
And ha-ha!

And, oh, deary me, how dreadfully murky
Has Constantinople been since you left Turkey
And me.

Come back to me, loved one, and help me to grin,
Deserting forever that struggle for tin,
And settle with me, to be happy contin-
Ually.

Oh, leave, Sunset dear, that land of tornado,
And bask in the sun of the sweet bastinado;
Oh, pack up your duds, back to Turkey do hustle, man,
Make life a joy to a poor aged Mussulman.
The madames, this morning, were asking about you,

Yours truly,

ABDUL, AZAIN'T HAPPY WITHOUT YOU.

IT is denied that Mrs. James Gown Trotter will attempt to go round the world on roller-skates, with a view to publishing her reminiscences in *Outing*.

A CHESTNUT.



"DID'ST EVER THINK, THAT BENEATH A GAY AND FRIVOLOUS EXTERIOR THERE MIGHT LURK A CANKER-WORM, SLOWLY YET SURELY EATING ITS WAY INTO ONE'S VERY EXISTENCE?"

Pinafore.

THE *Vassar Miscellany* is authority for the statement that "a girl can limit her incidental expenses at Vassar College (inclusive of books) to \$25 per annum."

This, of course, puts the expense of confectionery and four or five hundred dollars worth of other incidentals on the young man.

OUR CONUNDRUM DEPARTMENT.

IF the fool-killer's work were done, how many more complimentary banquets would be tendered to Mr. Dixey?

If Levi P. Morton's fortune were on a level with his ability, what chance would he have for the United States Senatorship?

If our fashionable women could be made to understand that English ladies never wear hats to the theatre, what kind of a view of the stage could a short man get?

Is a man's full conviction widely different to his sober judgment?

If the brain of the New York society youth were one-quarter as large as his feet, would Browning be as popular here as in Boston?

If Mr. Fawcett thought the letter U as important as the letter I, how large a horse-car would it take to carry a man from Fourteenth Street to the Battery?

THE kind of Rumor-tism that the President suffers from most acutely is that which crops out in the newspapers.

BIBLIOMANIAC: We are glad you appreciate the value of our advice in regard to binding your volumes. Why not bind your Guide to Cannes in Goat?

THE PROFESSOR AT THE BOARDING-HOUSE TABLE.

"GOOD MORNING, Professor," said the landlady sweetly, as that individual entered the breakfast-room and took charge of all the morning papers.

"I hadn't noticed it, madame," replied the Professor, seating himself on the papers to keep the other boarders from getting them.

"Hadn't noticed what?" asked Mrs. Fog.

"That it is a good morning," retorted the Professor amiably. "It's raining cats and dogs out. Where is my umbrella, Mrs. Fog? I left it in the corner of my room on going out yesterday morning, and it's not there now. I can't understand why it is that the morality, integrity, the—common everyday honesty of life, seem to disappear when one gets within the portals of this house. Where, madame, I demand to know—where is my umbrella?"

"WHERE!" replied the landlady, striking a high G and pouring hot water over her oatmeal in her excitement. "Where? Why the owner came here yesterday and recovered it!"

And the silence that came over the meal was so hard that no one could break it.



Mrs. Goodear : I AM SO SORRY YOU ARE LATE. YOU HAVE MISSED THAT BEAUTIFUL ARIA IN THE FIRST ACT, AND THE LOVELY ANDANTE MOVEMENT IN THE SECOND.

Mr. V. : OH, I DON'T CARE SO MUCH FOR THE *aria*, DON'T YOU KNOW, AS I DON'T GO IN FOR SCENERY. BUT IT CUTS ME UP AWFULLY WHEN YOU TELL ME I AM LATE FOR THE BALLET.

LIKES SOMETHING LIVELY.

SHE : Did you see Henry Irving in "Faust" while abroad, Mr. Breezy?

MR. BREEZY (of Chicago) : No; I find most of Shakespeare's plays rather dull and uninteresting, although "Adonis" is not so bad.

WHILE the fashion of high hats is in vogue is the time to elevate the stage.

AN electric experiment—Repeating at the polls.

REMNANTS.

TRUTH lies at the bottom of a well, but if you want falsehood in any quantity you must go to the tombstones.

NO prima donna was ever known to be incapacitated by sickness from singing on her "benefit" night.

THE country is in fear and trembling every day that Congress may do something.

A NEW THEME.

A LA MODERN SCHOOL.

THERE are many rhymes of *The Century* style
That a poet's fancy and soul beguile,
And chief of the themes these songs among
Is the paradox verse upon "Songs Unsung;"
Or, varying somewhat, the high-wrought strain,
To ease the stress of the mental pain,
The stanzas thought of in realms remote,
That came to the poet who never wrote.
I've been looking of late for such glorious themes
Amid the maze of my phrensi'd dreams,
So, for inspiration, I'll go get drunk,
And write them a song upon "Thoughts Unthunk."

Andrew F. Underhill.

A FOOLISH HABIT.

"SIR," said an indignant female temperance advocate to a slightly inebriated anti-prohibitionist, "do you know that the horrors to which drink exposes women and little children are worse than those of slavery?"

"Then (hic) ma'am," replied the anti-prohibitionist, "women an' (hic) little children ought'nt to drink."



A DEFENCE OF CRITICS.

EVERY now and then some sensitive author writes indignantly of the whole order of critics as a race of useless beings who live to give others pain; who admire nothing because incapable of creating any original work, and who are a continual menace to good literature. It is probably true that a great author has little to learn from any critic, and it is equally true that a mediocre author won't learn from him. But on the innumerable company of readers the critic, should have a healthful influence. If he is an honest critic, he will have some sincere convictions to express; if he is intelligent, he will be able to clearly present the central idea of the author to the reader, and perhaps reveal a purpose that would have remained concealed; and if he has any moral stamina, he can warn the ignorant but well-disposed against those books which can only count for evil.

It does not take a great man or a learned man to do this; and yet he may be a very useful critic, stimulating the appetite for the right kind of literature among those whose opportunities of knowing may be less than his. If the faculty of properly appreciating and judging literature only belonged to those who can create it, how narrow and limited would be the reading public! The truth is, that the greatest literary man is he who appeals to the large heart of humanity. And it is the office of the true critic to bring the two into closer relations.

THE critic's main duty is, therefore, to the reading public, and not to the writers. When he has inspired the readers with some degree of faith in his opinions, then he

begins to wield an influence of considerable importance on the literature of the day. The appetite of the reading public which he influences controls the character of the supply. A writer may have bitter contempt for his critic, but the latter may inspire contempt for the writer in a thousand readers. It is an unequal contest, for the readers control the sinews of war and often the necessities of life.

* * *

CRITICISM which is founded on malice kills itself, for literary art can seldom conceal malice from an honest reader. Nothing will awaken his sympathies sooner than evident injustice. He loses faith in even the sincere, unprejudiced opinions of the critic.

On the other hand, criticism founded on personal friendship awakens a similar suspicion, because of the evident flattery. Though the mass of the reading public is ready to follow a leader, it cannot be led by a fool or a knave.

All of which may be considered an indirect reply to Mr. Fawcett's question, "Should the Critic be a Gentleman?"

Droch.

• NEW BOOKS •

CHRISTINE, THE MODEL. By Emile Zola. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Ballades of Books. Chosen by Brander Matthews. Books for the Bibliophile Series. New York: George J. Coombes.

All is not Gold that Glitters. A Sketch. By Rae. Philadelphia, 1887.

Social Register of New York, 1887. Issued under the Supervision of a Committee by the Social Register Association, New York.

The Poems of Sir John Suckling. A New Edition, with Preface and Notes. Edited by Frederick A. Stokes. New York: White, Stokes & Allen.

FROM the fact that he recently purchased a rope-ladder in Washington, and inquired of a barber how much he would charge to cut his hair, we were convinced that Secretary Lamar contemplated matrimony.

IT is believed that when Gabriel puts in an appearance the Standard Oil Company will buy his trumpet and give Gabe a ten thousand dollar job as president of a refinery.

AN EXCELLENT RESULT.

DUMLEY: One excellent result has followed my giving up smoking and tipping.

ROBINSON: What result is that, Dumley?

DUMLEY: I always have money in my pocket.

ROBINSON: Yes, that is an excellent result. By the way, old man, I wish you would lend me a fiver for a few days.

IT has been maliciously remarked that the Union Club is a "set of old Tabbies." The fact of their having spent \$85,000 on drinks during the last year gives the lie to any such assertion.

AN editor's labors are very confining, particularly where he has written something that has got him into jail.



IN days, not old, when nights were cold,
And Jack Frost held his sway,
A Dodo bold, with wings of gold,
Sang merrily his lay-hay-hay,
Sang merrily his lay—
"My love is wondrous fair,
With lots of cash to spare,
And tho' it's cold, 'tis swell I'm told,
No overcoat to wear.
So I'll be bold, and tho' it's cold,
No overcoat I'll wear."

So this brave wight, in clothing tight,
Went forward to the fray;
He danced all night, but ere 'twas light
He'd caught pneu-mo-ni-ay-hay-hay,
He'd caught pneu-mo-ni-ay,
His little chest was sore,
With mustard plasters raw,
But ere he died, he faintly cried—
"I've kept the sware I swore:
A swell am I, you bet your eye,
No overcoat I wore."

A. W. H.

AN AMBITIOUS PAINTING.

A MATEUR ARTIST (to friend): It's rather an ambitious subject, Charley. I call it "The Gathering of the Hosts."

FRIEND: What does that big block of eagles signify, Fred, or are they vultures?

A MATEUR ARTIST (faintly): Neither, Charley; they are angels.

NOW that the Campbells are declared innocent all interest in them seems to have died out.

A FORGOTTEN DUTY.

"**JOHN**," said a wife in the middle of the night, rousing her husband, "I declare, I forgot to put the mackerel to soak."

"Um—Yum—Ah—I don't b'lieve you'd—Um—Yum—got much on it if you had," said sleepy John.

SCRAPS.

THE fashion in hats next season will require each girl to wear a real dressed turkey on her head.

THE first lesson in statesmanship learned by the American youth is to get rid of his surplus.

THE Chicago *nouveaux riches* think that the aim of a Browning Club is to put the right shade of brown on a roast pig.

A LADY in Cincinnati takes her baby to the matinee, and keeps the youngster, during the performance, in a little balcony on the top of her hat.

THE rumor that Ben Butler intends to organize a bag-eyed men's party seems to lack confirmation.

A CHICAGO boss plumber was recently interviewed by a reporter, and when he saw his remarks in print, he was so astonished at his intellectual stature, that he is now reading law and learning lawn tennis.

GERONIMO is discouraged with his campaign against quinine and fever, and is willing to go back on a Western reservation, if the government will pay him for the ammunition he has used in fighting the U. S. troops.



A SUPERFLUOUS QUESTION.

YOUNG LADY (who has a great idea of her grandfather's age): SAY, GRANDPAP, WERE YOU IN THE ARK?

G. P.: WHY NO, MY DEAR.

Y. L.: BUT, GRANDPA, YOU *must* HAVE BEEN; YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN *drowned* ELSE.



Monsieur le Comte (on seeing New York for the first time): QUE VOIS-JE! I LEAV



Albert E. Sterner. 86

A I A!

REAV

AN' SAIL FOR MORE ZAN VON VEEK AN' FINDS MYSELF IN ENGLAND VONCE AGAIN.



DEAR MR. EDITOR:

When Miss Margaret Mather played that long engagement against time at the Union Square Theatre last year, the kindly and encouraging critics, ever ready to discover "a gem of purest ray serene," praised her performance, hinted at certain peculiarities which needed correction, and of course prophesied a capacious and profitable future.

Miss Mather's *Leah* last year was a pleasing effort for an ambitious young woman to make. Of course you had to subtract from your pleasure a percentage of gurgle, a flavoring of rolled and ultra-rolled *r*, and a little of the eternal guttural sob. And you did subtract all this. You said to Miss Mather, "You have done well. Go West, or wherever you are going, and come back to us improved. You will then be welcome," or words to that effect.

Well, Miss Mather has come back. I say this in a mournful tone, for she has returned with the same old gurgle, which must be a good strong article, as it shows not the least sign of wear and tear; the same old flavoring of rolled and ultra-rolled *r*, and the identical guttural sob, which does duty for *Leah*, *Juliet* and *Julia*, with awful impartiality.

If she thinks her audiences are going to be magnanimous to pardon her this time, she reckons without her host. A gurgle can go too far, the *r* can refrain too long from rolling itself away, and the sob can become too stagey.

If she had not been over-weeningly complacent she would have known that the kindly criticisms she evoked last season were called forth merely by possibilities, which were almost probabilities.

Miss Mather will most likely be given one more chance. That will probably decide her future. If she be a wise actress she will try to reform. She can never make her peculiarities anything half as interesting as eccentricities, so that there is nothing to do but to drop them.

Alan Dale.

MISS HELEN HASTINGS, who will appear at the Union Square Theatre on Monday evening, January 17, is a young English actress who has won popularity in her native country by sheer force of talent. She will be seen in a new comedy of American life, supported by a company that has been formed here.

"I AM not accuthtomed to dinking," he said timidly to the bartender, "but I am feeling quite thick, and I would like to athk you if you have any ware old whithky?"

"Rare old whisky?" repeated the bartender indulgently, "I should say so! I can give it to you raw if you want it."

POPE VERSUS PAPA ET ALS.

"WORTH makes the man, and want of it the fellow."
So sang one Pope, a bard of former days.

WORTH makes the woman, now, and makes the fellow
Want gold in heaps, if he her "tailor" pays.

R. D.

THE Chicago ministers who recently witnessed the ballet, kept only one eye to the morality of the thing.

It is rumored that the Czar is drinking too much vitchski.

MORE NUTRIMENT TO IT.

WIFE (*enjoying her dinner*): What can be more delicious than a nice canvasback?

HUSBAND: A greenback, my dear, a greenback.

SCIENTISTS believe it impossible for a man to have a double. If this is so, how can a man be beside himself?

AN APPROPRIATE TEXT.

A CLERGYMAN who was visiting the Indian school at Chester, Pa., a Sunday or two ago, was requested to deliver the sermon at the morning services.

He consented, of course, and made a most excellent effort from the appropriate text: "Lo, I am with you alway."



A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Commercial Gent: ENGAGED MISS?

Young Lady (from the country): OH MY, YES! THREE MONTHS AGO.

THE MESSENGER BOY.



9 A.M.

He receives an important letter, to be delivered at *once*, and five cents for car fare.



9.30 A.M.

Buys a story paper with the five cents.



10 A.M.

Sits down to read it.



2 P.M.

Sees two dogs fighting, forgets himself, and runs.



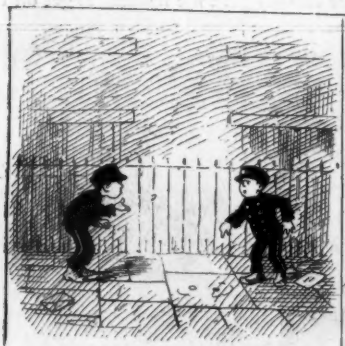
3 P.M.

Slides for an hour or so,



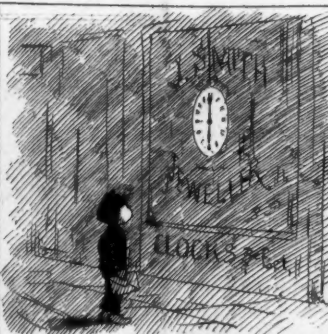
4 P.M.

Decides on what he would buy if he were rich.



5 P.M.

Pitches pennies with another Messenger Boy, who also has an important letter.



6 P.M.

Finding that it is becoming late, he decides he had better leave letter.



The person for whom the letter is intended having moved in the mean time, he drops it in the basement and returns to the office.



Employer: JAMES, HERE IS A LETTER FOR YOU, FROM THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

James, in agony: THEN IT'S FROM MY SON. HE'S BIN SICK FOR WEEKS, AND I'VE BIN EXPECTIN' THIS EVERY DAY.

UNRECORDED SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN.

A PROTOPLASMIC SOURCE OF IDEAS.

"DO you consider Shakespeare to have been a great poet?" asked Taine of Victor Hugo.

"Shakespeare wrote dainty love sonnets and was a clever word-juggler," replied Hugo, shrugging his shoulders; "but, *ma foi*, he was deficient in imagination and lacked dramatic force."

"On what merit, then, does his title to posthumous fame most securely rest?"

"On the rare merit of being, in a protoplasmic sense, the unique literary precursor of the immortal ideas of Victor Hugo," said the poet. A finer saying has never been recorded.

DE QUINCEY'S READY WIT.

Lamb was lunching one day at Hazlitt's, in company with De Quincey and Landor, when Coleridge came sidling in, and seating himself on a coal-scuttle began a long harangue on the sacramental rites of the Artotyrites. While engaged in his dismal monologue, Hazlitt went upstairs to take a nap, and De Quincey and Landor quietly removed their shoes and stole out of the room, leaving Lamb in a partly comatose condition to the tender mercy of the pitiless table-talker. After a rubber of cribbage, Landor suddenly arose to his feet and consulted his watch. "Great heavens! Tom, it is four o'clock, and Coleridge is still bubbling and snuffing away like an old tea-kettle. We have fallen into a long digression from the subject under discussion when the pedagoguish old bore came in. *Mais revenons a nos moutons.*" "No, no, friend Walter," protested De Quincey, with a humorous wink at a bronze Cupid, succeeded by a spasmodic effort to appear exceedingly grave, "let us return to our Lamb."

JOHNSON AT MRS. THRALE'S.

Dr. Johnson, having returned from a visit to the Cock-lane ghost, found an invitation to dine at Mrs. Thrale's awaiting him on his study table. After brushing the snuff off his laced coat he whistled for Boswell to polish his boots, and then bidding him trot on behind, started off at a brisk pace, taking care to touch every fourth lamp-post on the

way with his grimy fingers and avoid the cracks in the pavement. Arriving at Mrs. Thrale's he found Goldsmith, Garrick, and Fanny Burney engaged in animated conversation. When the covers were removed, Johnson insisted on being helped first to soup, spattered Garrick with gravy, and began reeling off his yarns, suffering no one present to take part in the conversation. In a lucky moment, however, he was seized with a coughing fit in an unsuccessful attempt to swallow an apple dumpling, and then Goldsmith, improving the opportunity, turned to Garrick and quietly said: "How sad it is, David, that so many worthy playwrights who are contending for the honors of the stage and the applause of the critics should be living in attics." "Indeed, friend Noll," was the reply, "there is no sadder spectacle in this tragedy of human life. But I am more deeply affected by the melancholy reflection that these poor fellows are victims to the demon drink." At this moment, Boswell pulled out his note-book, and addressing Johnson, who was quite purple in the face from the effects of his difficult feat of deglutition, said: "Sir, why should a playwright, living in an attic, drink more heavily than one who dines at a gentleman's table?" "Zounds! Bozzy," roared Johnson, gulping a goblet of wine, "it's because of his dram-atic tendency."

Harold van Santvoord.

SOME OTHER DAY.

OLD DARKEY (*to gentleman*): Cud yo' help a poo' ole cullud gem'men, sah? My gran'mother wuz nu'se to Christ'fer Klumbus, sah.

GENTLEMAN: Christopher Columbus?

OLD DARKEY: Yes, sah. She cum over un de Mayflowah wif him when he fust discovered Amer'ca, 'deed she did.

GENTLEMAN: Not to-day, uncle.

ONE of Mr. Blaine's sentences in his recent Boston speech contained 175 words, and Mr. Evarts, in his despair, has bought a new hat.

MISPLACED THANKS.

LADY: I was very much annoyed on a street-car this afternoon. A gentleman very politely touched his hat and offered me his seat, and I thanked him for it.

HUSBAND: Why should that annoy you?

LADY: Because he only gave me his seat to get off the car.



COLD CHARITY.

Mercury at Zero.

BEGORRA THIN, DINNIS, I SHTRUCK THIM WHIN THEY WUZ AT DINNER AN THEY GIVE ME A DISH OF ICE CRAME!



BACKWARD TENNYSON.

IN his age did daintiest Alfred turn once more to Locksley Hall;
In his age the Lordly Laureate piped in accents deuced small;
Sang the world was rent asunder into very little bits,
And the lion toppled over like a cat in desperate fits.
O my Alfred! O my poet! with your senile groans and sighs,
Once more comes your second childhood, and you revel in mud pies.
—*Boston Gazette.*

SHE (to young poet): How much do you get for your poems, Charley?
CHARLEY (with pride): From \$2 to \$5.
SHE: Well, isn't that very little, Charley? I see that Sir Walter Scott got \$10,000 for one of his.
CHARLEY: Yes, but you see, writing poetry isn't the business it used to be. There's too much competition.—*New York Sun.*

A FAT WOMAN entered a crowded street-car and, seizing a strap, stood on a gentleman's toes.
As soon as he could extricate himself, he arose and offered her his seat.
"You are very kind, sir," she said.
"Not at all, madam," he replied, "it's not kindness, it's self-defence."—*New York Sun.*

TWO STUDENTS ring a hated professor's bell at midnight. He puts his head out of the window and wants to know what's up. "One of your windows is wide open." "Where?" exclaims the startled professor. "The one you are looking out of."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

The word "LOWELL" appears in CAPITAL letters in the back of Lowell, Wilton, and Body-Brussels, at every repeat of the pattern. Look carefully to the trade-marks and be sure you get the genuine LOWELL carpets.

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LOWELL CARPETS
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THE "Town Tattler," of the New York Sunday Star, tells this: I read a good story this week about Henry W. Grady, the editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*. Some years ago a paragraph was printed in the *Constitution* saying that a man well known in a certain circle of Atlanta society had died. The next day the alleged dead man called at the *Constitution* office and demanded a retraction.
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[See full description in previous issue.]

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"Have you decided to join the church?" "I've thought shome 'v't, but —"

"Why, what is the matter?" "Well, I've been thinkin' 'bout joinin' yer church, 'n the longer I think o' v't the sicker 'r feel, b'gosh!" — *Rochester Union.*

KENTUCKY MAN: Yes, we all like old General Clay, but I don't think he'll ever be governor, he's too cranky on the temperance question.

OMAHA MAN: I did not know he was a Prohibitionist.

KENTUCKY MAN: Well, he isn't quite a Prohibitionist yet, but he's so extravagantly fond of water that we're afraid of him.

OMAHA MAN: That's it, eh?

KENTUCKY MAN: Yes; maybe you wouldn't believe it, but it's a fact that he mixes a little of it with everything he drinks. — *Omaha World.*

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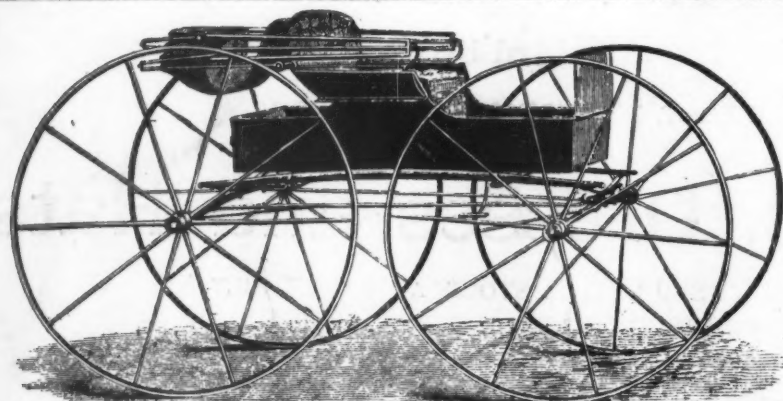
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